

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author being much oblig'd to the Town for the favourable Reception his little Performances have met with, thinks it incumbent upon him, as some late Attempts of the like Kind have been unfairly imputed to him, to declare, that he has publish'd nothing since the TRIUMVIRADE. He has Reason to complain of having been uncandidly dealt with, in the Publication of a former Piece, even yet more successful than the last, with which a Gentleman was pleas'd to make more than a little too free; not only in publishing it without the Author's Privy, but in making such Amputations as greatly interfer'd with the main Design; a great many Lines have been alter'd, and, as the Author conceives, not for the best: And not only that, but even some Characters were entirely omitted, and others unkindly inverted. It shall suffice, for the present, to mention only the first and last Characters in that Piece.





T H E

PROCESSIONADE.

THERE are few unacquainted with th' *old Palace-Hall*,
Tho' happy are those who know't not at all ;
Where four ancient Rook'ries, invested with Pow'r,
All the Gold in the Nation and Silver devour.

Sing Tantarara, Rogues all, &c.

Twelve Reverend Brethren, distinct by their Gowns,
Their Furs, and their Ermin, and Square Copple Crowns,
From among them, selected, preside o'er the rest,
And, tho' it's oft otherwise, shou'd be the best.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Ac r Superior to these is another great Rook,
Call'd Lord *Paramount*, very learn'd in his Book,
Perch'd up on a Spray at the Will of their Kings,
From the rest well distinguish'd by Gold on his Wings.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

The Rooks all assembl'd, like Sages of Law,
God shield every honest good Man from its Paw,
To oppose a Banditti of plundering Elves,
As the sole Right of plund'ring they claim to themselves.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

To

^{King}
 To the *Eagle*, may Heaven e'er grant him Success,
 They clubb'd out a notable loyal Address,
 Made a Tender, most solemn, of Lives and of Purse,
 Tho' they meant no more by't than a *Motion of Course*.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

And to tell you the Truth, for you know 'tis but civil,
 To give e'en his Due to their Patron the D——l;
 Th' Address was well penn'd, as to Language and Matter,
the author *Pelagius* himself could have scarce done a better.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Save, with humble Submission to modern Addressees,
 He means from his Heart what his Language expresses,
 Whereas this Parade was no more than to prove,
 The mighty Importance their C———r was of.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

From thence to the C^{our}——t, they went all in a Row,
 In the Spoils of their Country, a terrible Show!
 Had all Folks their own, what a Flight had been there
 Of mere Fable Crows, all unfeather'd and bare?
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Paramount led the Van, all betufted with Gold,
 Which, rejoicing, he oft turn'd his Eyes to behold,
 The Steed in the Team more delighted ne'er swells,
 While he leads in the Traces bejingl'd with Bells.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

If no P^ol—ti—^{ti}n, to fence 'gainst the *French*,
 Yet as able a Chief as e'er perch'd on the Bench;
 His Hands, some assert, are as clean as his Face,
 The rest you will hear when he's out of his Place.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

The

The *Eagle* the loyal Address well receiv'd,
But astonish'd to see what could scarce be believ'd;
Much pity'd his Subjects, so num'rous a Band
Of Birds, with such Talons, should prey o'er the Land.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

The Twelve into Fours, drew up equal and certain,
The Chief like a Dove, and the next like a *Martin*;
A free *Denizen* That, all preferr'd for their Worth,
And a bold *Anti-Codex*, long dormant, the Fourth.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Quo' the *Eagle*, who's that with his honest old Face,
His Wings, like your Lordship's, bespangl'd with Lace?
And who should it be but the Law in its Wane,
Expres'd in his Honour of C——ry-L——e.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

However, a Rook of Politeness and Taste,
His Officers too, as to Gains very chaste,
Obligingly careful, no proud silly Novice,
Like a *Paramour* Coxcomb in Common-Law Office.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

And here, resum'd he, is the Law in his Strength,
Expres'd in the other Chief J——ft——'s Length;
I find he treads close on your Heels for the M——,
And waits, like a Cat o'er a Chink, for your Place.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

For This and for That, and for most Things he's fit,
For the Bench he has Law, for the Court he has Wit,
For the Camp can assume a bold Coll'nel-like Air,
And has wond'rous good *natural Parts* for the Fair.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Then

Then presenting his worthy Associates all Three,
Fortescue and An Has-been This here, That a Never-will-be; *J. H. Abney*
 But from Grumbler and Consul, and State-Pamphleteer, *Barnet*
 The Third is turn'd out in his Law pretty clear.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Parker
Ed. Chip Bann Tom Rook with his Phiz somewhat learnedly four,
 Was asham'd, with his Three Harlequins, to make Four.
 Their Coats were bechequer'd, just like their Decrees,
 Right and wrong is the same as to Wages and Fees.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

'Tis whisper'd, however, this Reverend Dozen,
 For the Good of the Realm so judiciously chosen,
 So gravely array'd in their Copples and Geers,
 Complain'd of their Salaries long in Arrears.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Next these introduc'd, was the *Prime* 'mong the Coif,
 Who *blaz'd in the Face* like some Saracen Wife,
 Fam'd first for betraying in Public his Trust,
 And then over-reaching Sir *Bob* for a Post.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

His Brethren all rang'd in a Line on each Side,
 Out of Countenance much for their Premier Guide,
 Be-perr'wig'd all o'er in heroic Array,
 Like so many *Quins* or *Delanes* in a Play.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Tho' 'twas formerly said, that the Coif was the Stage,
 Like an Hospital modern, for cast-off old Age;
 Yet that now the whole Order are Conjurers we see,
 And can tell us the Event of a Cause by a Fee.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Then

Then Lord *Paramount*, fingling little Sir *Dud*, — *Ryder*
 Said, tho' for his Post he was proper and good,
 Yet if he rose higher he'd sink in the Scene,
 And his Figure and Aspect are rather too mean.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

And here is Sir Knight, who stands first at the Bar,
 Look round o'er the Rook'ries you'll find not his Par,
 Despising Preferment, he quitted his Post,
 To shew by his Successor what we have lost.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

This new-fangl'd *Scot*, who was brought up at Home, *Murray*
 In the very same School as his Brother at *Rome*,
 Kneel'd, conscious, as tho' his old Comrades might urge,
 He had formerly drank to the *King* before *George*.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Ill betide those that prais'd, premature, in the South,
 As a Genius this Mushroom of North-Country Growth :
 Who from flashing a little at first pretty smart,
 Now expires with a Sound and a Stink like a F——t.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

And this is my *African* Fav'rite *Tom Cl^{ark}ke*,
 Tho' dirty complexion'd, yet keen as a Shark,
 His affected Grimace, and his Gesture and Shrug,
 Denote him a Kind of a Male *Molly Mogg*.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

That's little *Brown* *Brunetto*, so dapper and stiff,
 A faithful Relator of all in his Brief;
 If unheated by Fees he too languidly pleads,
 And tho' often speaks well, yet too facil recedes.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

The

The Middle-Bar Gentry pass'd Muster along,
But the *Eagle* perceiving, the *Fritlings* among,
A rusty, audacious, broad, bell-mettle Front,
Enquir'd who it was of my Lord *Paramount*.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Why hur is a *King*, who, Cot-splut all her Nails, *King Evans*
Was a Kind of a Mountebank Doctor in *Wales*,
But tir'd of inspecting old Women's Close-stools,
Hur now 'mong the Rook'ries at *Westminster* prowls.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Then higgledy-piggledy forward they preft,
T'evince how they all did Rebellion detest:
With his Sword, in an Instant, his Majesty smites,
No less, o'er the Shoulders, than Six Simple Knights.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Neglected poor Honour! derided by Wits,
Now courted alone by the Rooks and the Cits,
And eke by some *Westminster* Justice of Peace,
As witness the Three on the former Addrefs.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Well pleas'd all our Rooks in Proceffion return'd,
Especially those with new Honours adorn'd;
Next *Sunday* they went in a Row to the Church,
And among all my Ladies, my good *Lady Birch*.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Who's mortify'd much in the Midst of her Joys,
To find that her Title, 'mong Girls and Boys,
Is terribly fear'd, that her Ladyship scarce
Can appear, but they cry, *Aware Hawk*, for the A—se.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

F I N I S.





